THOMAS COUNTY CAT. IT PURES FOR THOWAS COUNTY

COLBY, THOMAS CO., KANSAS.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year, farewell to you: You've been for many a day A friend most tried, a friend most true— ind as we bid you our adieu, We giveour heartfelt thanks to you, And speed you on your way.

We've had full many a merry time Since first we met, Old Year. You've sung for us the Christmas rhyme, And rung for us the Christmas chime. A 'd many a joy at Christmas time You brought with hearty cheer.

You crowned the woodland banks with blo-Of roses and and sweet—
You gave the violets their perfume,
Ripened the cornfield's tasseled plum
And filled the mill-wheel's running if
, To grind the golden wheat.

You brought the yellow daffodil To blossom in the spring— Strewed cuckoo-flowers on every hill, And cat-tails by the ripping rill— And taught the lonely whip-poor-will i His vesper song to sing.

You turned the ivy's green to red. The mayle leaves to gold—

And if you gathered some fair flowers That blossomed on your way.
You bore them to a fairer clime,
Where neither cold, nor care, nor Time
Could hight them in their golden prime
Or touch them with decay.

And ah! you brought, Old Year, Old Year! And shi, you brought, the con-one tiny haby flower. To nestle on its mother's breast, And close its blue eyes into rest, When song-birds seek their cradle-nest. At twilight's shadowy hour.

And now, Old Year, farewell to you! We grieve to lose you so-You've been a friend both tried and true, And as we hid you our adien. We give our hearffelt thanks to you, And sigh that you must go, Hiden Whitney Clark, in Demorest's Monthly.

M'CARLEY'S SCOOP.

The "Mercury's" Great Sensation and Its Sudden Collapse.

About two years ago I was managing editor of the Daily Mercury, a journal yet in its infancy, which was published in the pretty little City of Nbustling place of 75,000 or 80,000 inhabitants in the Mississippi Valley. The aforesaid journal was started with abundant capital and with the express purpose (in addition to reforming mankind and thus placing its founders' names among those of the wise and famous of earth) of crushing out of existence the Morning Item, a paper which we sareastically referred to as "our esteemed morning contemporary," or to which we applied some other equally appreciative term that we were sure would carry on its face our belief in its being the veriest falsehood. Our hated rival was doing a good business and we were not, a fact patent to all of us, even down to the office boy and doril. We had been working to see the paradage bestowed on it, and our failure to make any material progress in that direction may have added somewhat to our enmity for the Hem. However, the stockholders, who were amusing themselves by supplying the weekly deficit which the book-keeper's statement of the Murcury's business regularly exhibited, had unbounded faith in the ultimate success of their enterprise, and had instructed the manager to spare no ex-pense in adding "taking" features to the journal. All that was needed, they solaced themselves, was to be thorough ly prepared for emergencies, and aston-ish the public on the occasion of the public on the occasion of the first great sensation with the fullness and promptness with which the Murcury would supply the minutest details. Some such piece of news must come to light ere long, and to distance all com-petitors would be to bring our paper and the start thus given would finally place it on the top pinnacle of journalstic success.

One night, as the hands on the big clock over my desk warned me that there barely remained three hours of darkness, as the presses in the cellar planged and clattered over the last lition of their daily grind, the drowsy ce boy handed me a card. It was siderably soiled, and had written on in a nervous hand, in pencil, "T. Me-rley." I began to feel sleepy, and uttering anathematizations on ians in general and Irish ward polians in particular who would mak alls at such an unseemly hour as this, I rriedly cleared off my desk, and putng on hat and coat, preparatory to go ag home, went into the told to wait. found a young Irishman, but not a ard politician, as I had anticipated. pride myself somewhat on my ability to read human nature, and I think I never met a face that impressed me more favorably than the one I saw before then. A high forehead, with clearly cut features; a large mouth and long upper lip, which indicated his nation-ality even though his name had not done so; an abundance of light-brown hair pushed well back; a pair of a honest and intelligent eyes as I ever saw stowed in a skull; an erect, lithe figure, which showed his motive temperament and prepossessed me greatly in his favor, all went to make a man who would instantly attract attention in any place, and who would command respect for his intelligence and power without ever having spoken a word. His story was soon told. A native of the Emerald Isie, where his family yet lived, he had received a good education, and on reaching a proper age had been sent to London to take a course in surgery. There he had been attracted to journalism, and learning short-hand, had finally secured a position on one of the prominent London newspapers. There he worked a year or nore, when, thinking to better his prospeets, he had come "to the States," as he expressed it. He was a too thorough ian to be long contented in any sae place, and so, after knocking about from one to another of the large cities in this country for three or four years be had determined to return home and

was literally working his way thither when he reached N—— without money

and applied to as for a position. An important State election was to be held within a few months and I thought to "Here is a chance to utterly distance the Item; they haven't a sten ographer on their force, and with this fellow to furnish us with verbatim reports of speeches during the campaign excitement we can show the public what enterprise is." After consultation with the manager and listening to his own pleadings for a position, "even as a space man," I hired him in the latter capacity, telling him the place would probably yield him but little for a few weeks, but that as soon as the Gubernatorial canvass began we would give him all he could do in his specialty, and that ne could then make up for the time in which he was able to do but little. He went to work the next evening and gave good satisfaction. The assign-ments, however, that I was able to give him were unimportant and the wages he made the first couple of weeks were barely sufficient to pay his board; so small, indeed, were they that I hardly expected him to stay with us. But that shrewd face of his, as we aftewards explained to ourselves in recounting the affair which I am about to relate, indicated unlimited resources in his fertile brain and "smartness" of a dangerous We did not think of this then, of course, but saw it plainly in the light of

later developments.

One day, when his stay was lengthening into its third week, he failed to make his appearance at the office at the usual hour in the afternoon, and I supposed that he had gone to pastures new. I was mistaken, though, for when the last mail was brought from the office at night it contained the following, written in short-hand, which several of us who had a smattering of the art, after infinite trouble, finally deciphered:

the art, after mounts trouble, finally deciphered:

"Bran P—: I've struck pay dirt, sure! I was passing that aristocratic old mansion of Welby's on Stanler avenue this morning when a servant run out and yelled to the stable boy to 'ge for the electre, chile, quick; ole man's bloodin to def! Of that Mis' Jule! The boy addressed evidently did not hear, for he did not make his appearance. You know, before I not into the newspaper business, I took a course in survery in London, and, in the servant's scared book and 'oh! that Mis Jule! my reportorial instinct scented news; so I turned back and went into the house, telling them I was a physician who had just arrived in the city with the intention of establishing myself here; that, in passing the house, I heard the servant instruct the boy to go for a doctor in haste, and, thinking the case might be giad to serve them, if I could do so, until their regular physician arrived. They took it all as strucht and go for a doctor in liste, and, thinking the case might be an urgent one, had come in and would be glad to serve them, if I could do so, until their regular physician arrived. They took it all as straight goods and I soon had the old gent as easy as could be expected. Then they told me all; only daughter Julia had been left at the seasbore for a few days in charge of friends—dashing gambler makes a mash—an clopement with a bridge tour to Canada—old folks prostrated with grief, the excitement and shock causing the old man to have a hemorrhage—and vood you just stay and care for my husband until he entirely recovers? asks Mrs. W.: we don't want this to get into the horrid newspapers, and if you'll stay not another soul need know it. We'll make her leave that writch and send her to Europe, and, if possible, try to remain respectable yet. Now, won't you stay? I promised to remain for a few days, anyway, it's a big sensation and I'll work it right from here, as far as the thing has developed. I will write it up and drop the copy on the lawn under the east from which wis send some one there at claven to night to get it. I will stamplace as loans as from work the thing to not make you for the papers sent to the house yet, so they won't get out our secop and set about faves of this. We'll will grade to the papers from doing mything more than rehearing our secop and entally in the pretent any one from ending it if it mis urries, and, ready to mail, larow it on the sile-walk from the window, longing it will be picked up and posted and thus reach you. If it does, don't fail to send for copy to place named to night. ""It's a ten-strike for Mac." evelaimed Jim, the society reporter, "and if he picked Jim, the society reporter, "and if he

"It's a ten-strike for Mac." "It's a ten-strike for Mac." exclaimed Jim, the society reporter, "and if he works it right the old Mercury will have to whack up handsomely on it. It'll make no less than three columns if

he makes the most of it. I sent Watson, the Police Court reporter, to the place and at the time in dicated in the letter, and he returned about midnight with the copy. It filled nearly four columns, and we head-lined it in a style that would have made the proprietor of a mining camp journal forever hide his face in shame, almost exhausting the resources of the job office we were running in connection with the paper. The following will give the reader as good an idea as to what a feature we made of the scoop as can be conveyed in ordinary body type:

"A SENSATION INDEED.

"A SENSATION INDEED.

"AN EVENT THAT WILL SHAKE POLITE, SO-CHET FROM CHALTMERISES TO CENTER! THE HOMANIC, THOUGH LAMENTABLE ELOPEMENT OF A WELL-KNOWN BELLE! A GAMBLER WHO HELD A PULL HAND OF HEALTS, AMI, PLAYING FOR HUED AWAITING ARE ONCLIATION, WHICH SEEMS FAIL PROVIDED A RECONCLIATION, WHICH SEEMS FAIL PROVIDED OF A MOST INTERESTING APTAIL "THE MEMORIES," AS USUAL AREAD OP AIL ITS CONTRAFFORMERS!"

WE GOR OUT A BATTER CAPTER OF THE CONTRAFFORMERS!

WE GOR OUT A BATTER CAPTER OF MEMORIES!

We got out a large extra edition on the strength of the affair and the way it old made the manager's face radiant. The evening papers only mentioned the matter, and that, too, sureastically, well as how piqued they were at their inability to find out even who the par-ties referred to were. We knew, though, and greatly enjoyed their discomfort.
All names had been left out and the other papers, as well as individuals, who had opinions concerning who the lady was, found themselves totally in the dark when they came to make in-quiries and thus the mystery surround-

ing the matter constantly increased.

The next night Watson again went to the Welby residence and got another mass of manuscript giving a detailed account of the family's negotiations with the runaway couple. There was also a letter from McCarley saving he was living like a tord; the old gentlemen required but little attention and he was spending most of his time in the library reading and writing. The old folks had taken a fancy to him and said he should not leave the house until Welby. whom he had "treated so successfully. his wife said, had entirely recovered It ended: "I'll stay here as long as there is any news to be had. The old people are so broken up over Julia's escapa that they hadn't thought of sending for a newspaper yet, and I don't think they will for a few days—when they do

m out of here! The second day's installment of the "great sensation." as the newsboys yelled it, created almost as great an in-terest as the first, and the Mercury's circulation amounted to astonish figures. The thing continued thus for four days. Mae made the most of every point, and after the fourth day's batch of news had been printed there was something over one hundred dollars

city papers were sorely chagrined over their failure to get even the slightest clue as to whom we were talking about, and pretended that there was nothing in the affair at all-that it was only a a clever scheme to perpetrate on a confiding public a gigantic hoax. We knew who the persons were, though, and we could afford to laugh at and pity our less enterprising rivals.

About noon of the fifth day from the time McCarley first stumbled on his scoop, a boy with a message was awaiting me when I arrived at the office. It proved to be from Mac, and I opened eyes considerably when I read it. Like the first letter received from him it was written in short-hand.

was written in short-hand.

"Dear P—I've got a clew to the most sensational thing that has yet come to light in connection with this webby fracas. Nothing definite yet, and it will take considerable bribery of the servants to get at what I want. Please send by bearer all the money due me so that I will not be humpered if I find liberality in this direction necessary. I write this in short hand, and it will be impossible for the bearer to find out what I send for; so if you put up the money in a package so that he will not suspect what it contains, he will return with it all right.

I mut up the money as he requested.

I put up the money as he requested and the boy made off with it.

That night, as usual, Watson again went to the Welby house, and from the note we received in the morning we anticipated something intensely interest-I had given orders to the foreman in the composing room to hold several columns of space until we got McCar When Watson returned I ev's copy. never saw a look of more profound per-plexity or dumblounding chagrin than was depicted on his face.
"I have crawled over every foot of

that front lawn," said be, "and not a page of copy could I find. I even knocked at the door of the house and hought I would try and see Mac himon some pretext or other, but I

could rattle no one up."

We were surely in a pickle now, and the conversation that took place during the next hour concerning the subject I would considered far from complimentary to imself could be have heard it. It would hardly have been the thing, either, to reproduce it here to be read by people who are unacquainted with the peculiar livid and sulphurous character which makes the language of printers, and I regret to say sometimes editors and re-porters as well, of such pronounced

There was nothing to be done under the efreumstances, however, and consequently the only thing the Mercury of the next morning contained in reference to the all-absorbing topic was an item I had hurriedly written stating that there were no new developments in the case that we were yet able to eve the public; but as soon as our reorter had time to follow up a startling clew which he had run across, we thought we would be able to furnish our readers a piece of news concerning the affair which would create more in terest than anything yet printed. This I wrote on the strength of the note we had received from McCarley when he asked for the money due him. We were not a little mystified at our failure to

hear anything from him as we had exwould explain to cause of his leaving us in the dilemma he did. Such was the case and the letter a late mail brought us follows:

brought us follows:

"Ex ROUTE HOME, Sept. 4, 1882.

"DEAR P—I played the Mercuya sourcy trick. I have no apalogies to make, though, as 'necessity knows no law!' but my conscience is yet in such a state of preservation that I feet's must explain the Welby matter fully and save you any further trouble that it would otherwise cause you. The first two weeks I worked for you'd could get onto nothing but five line items, and, as you are aware. I hardly made enough to pay my board. I had to have money, and so concorded that clopement of Welby's daughter out of the whole cloth—an artistic, journalistic lie which at this distance appears to me only as a right good joke. I put up at a little saloon (the dull-minded) proprietor of which gave me all the information I needed about the family) about a square from the W—residence, and here I evolved the thing out of my mammoth brand in a little back room, which I left only once a day to throw my MS, on the lawn at Welbys. They are all in Vermont, where they have been all summer, and, as we gave no names, they will be no worse for the pleasure and profit they have unconsciously yielded me.
"I got my money o. k, yesteriay, and when

ed me.

"I got my money o. k. yesterday, and when
this reaches you I will be fast lessening the
distance between N— and the paternal roof.
"With kindest regards to yourself and all the
boys, and trusting you will forgive me for the
trick I have played you. I bid N— and the
Merrury a joyous, a last tal tal
"McCamey."

No language of mine can adequately describe the anger and consternation which the reading of this epistle caused in the Mercury office. No one so thor-oughly appreciates artistic lying as a newspaper man; but when carried to the extent McCarley's genius had carried this, it was more blanted sensibilities could stand, and I would certainly have given up the keenest pleasure to have stood by and seen some horribly severe punishment matter, and that, too, sureastically, inflicted on him for the trouble and plainly showing their interest in it as mortification be not caused us. Suffice mortification he had caused us. Suffice to say the Mercury died peacefully about two weeks after the departure of our brilliant friend. The assignee had one mournful meeting with the creditors, and, with all the earnestness of a man who feels that on his is the ide of a mighty truth, convinced them of the utter impossibility of paying even one per cent., with assets consisting entirely of blasted hopes. Our great sensation was not mentioned again after the paragraph referred to above appeared, and the momentary promine we had gained through it was followed jeers and hoots from rival journals and the public: in a few short days to buy a copy of the Mercury came to be looked upon as an unpardonable crime against society, and as it sadly bade this unappreciative sphere adieu, at least in the eyes of its projectors, the last remaining hope for the world's salvation was gone forever.-R. Parsons, in Detroit Free Press.

-The husband of Mrs. Palmer, of Utica, N. Y., was a small gentleman, but a good provider, who supported her in comfort until suddenly, and without provocation, he began to increase in ilesh. He grew fatter and fatter. The loctors could not stop him. His wife, ereciving that in time he would be helpless, studied phonography, and now supports him Mr. Palmer has become ountain of fiesh; he is scarcely able to help himself at all, weighs between four handred and five hundred pounds, and is still growing.—Utica Herald.

There will be many new ice-bonts on the Hudson this winter and lively coming to him on his work. The other sports are anticipated .- Troy Times.

WOOL AUCTIONS IN LONDON. One of the Most Carlous Things to Be Seen in the Largest City in the World.

There is no more curious sight in the

city than one of the wool suctions

capable of holding about tive hundred people. Benches, in the form of a semi-circle, rise tier above tier, so that all the sitters are plainly risible from the tribune, or rostrom-an elevated desk at the bottom of the room. Every seat is numbered, and the highest number is 398. A narrow gallery provides accommodation for the spectators. At 3:55 o'clock nearly every seat is occupied, the demand for them exceeding the supply, and as the clock strikes the hour the auctioneer, or selling broker, takes his place in the tribune. He is a cool, self-possessed, good-looking man, with a keen eye, rosy cheeks, and hair parted in the middle. On either side of him sits a clerk—one bald and dark, the other hirsute and blonds. No time lost in preliminaries; an eloquent wool auctioneer would be an intolerable nuisance, and this one is as sparing of words as a telegram from China. Every buyer before him is the busiest of men, and he has to sell £100,000 worth of wool before si. o'clock. "Lot 213, ten bales," he says. Simple words, but the signal for a very tempest of excite-ment. From every part of the room come, as it were, scattered shots in quick succession—"Eight, half, nine, ten, ten-half." Then up spring a dozen, or it may be a score of eager, earnest men, who shout passionearaest men, who shout passion-ately at the top of their voices, and al-most in chorus: "Ten-half, ten-half, tenhalf," until it seems as if the roof would split. Some stretch their arms toward the tribune, as if they were threatening a fee; others work them to and fro, is if they were engaged in mortal combat others, again, raise them upward, as if they were appealing to Heaven. They yell still more loudly, gesticulate still more wildly, some in their excitement bending forward until they nearly ple over on the seats below. It is bear garden, a Babel, a scene of inde scribable confusion, and to he uniniti-ated spectator it seems as if the frantic hidders were about to spring from Wheir places and punch each other's heads. But the auctioneer speaks one word, and the sterm is fulled; every vote is ushed every man resumes his selat. That word is "Tomkins." One lot has been knocked down to Tomkins. Without drawing breath the selling broker goes on to the next lot, and then there s another startling roar, followed by an equally sudden collapse. The faces of some of the bidders are a study. One gentleman, with a hald head surrounded by a fringe of black hair, and features unmistakably French, gets so excited that you fear he may break a blood vessel or have a fit of apople y His wide nostrils quiver, his swarthy face becomes dark, he tights the air with his arms and hurls bids at the auctioneer, as if he would annihilate him. Near the Gaul is a fair Teuton stablyart and tall all all and graing at his com-positors as it he world stable and glaring at his com-positors as it he would like to charge lown on them as the Uhlans charged down upon the French at Gravelotte and Sedan. Not far from the foreignera sits a gentleman whose east of features and style of dress leaves little doubt that he is a manufacturer of woo! or stapler, and hails from a northern country. To make his bid more effective he puts his hand to the side of hi month and gestioniates with the other but he needs no artificial aid, for he has a voice of thunder and shouts like a Bounceges. But why all this noise Why can not a wool auctioneer knock down his wares to the higest bidder, All the firms represented at the auc tion know to a fraction the value of every pareel they wish to acquire, and five, or ten, or a score, as the case may be, are willing buyers of a certain lot more than they can afford to give The rule is, when there are several bidders at the same price—and there are gen-erally several bidders—to prefer the one who bids the first, which is practically the one who first succeeds in attracting the auctioneer's attention. In such a contest the feeble-voiced have no chance to come out of it victorious. When the selling broker names the buyer who has eaught his ear all the rest subside like would-be orators in the House of Commons who fail to eatch the Speaker's eve. The confidence the Speaker's impartially seems to be absolute: he never loses his self-possession, and time is too precious to be wasted in wrangling.—London Specta-

A NEW KIND OF DOG.

One of the Kind that Can Only Be Bought

in an Art Embroldery Store. A wild-looking man who resembled one who had wrestled with misfortune in a catch-as-catch-can hold and been thrown in the contest, went into a Woodward avenue bird store the other day and approached the affable proprie-

"Look here," he said, "may I take you apart for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the man of animals, "if you can put me together again."

"Well, here's a letter from my wifesay come out and have something?"

They went and had something; when they came back the wild-looking man resumed the letter. "She writes me, he continued, "to get her a white can-

vas-back dog in cross—"
"Now you go," said the bird man
"Now you go," said the bird man
saverely. "Business is business, and

He sat down on the curbstone to rest. He was still reading the letter when a sympathetic lady stopped to look at

"Poor man, are you ill?" she asked, kindly.

"Heaven bless you, madam, read that letter. If you can and will I am a saved man."

The lady took the letter as if she were humoring the whim of a lunatic and ran "It is easy enough to read," she said.

"Your wife, who seems to be an excellent woman, wishes you to buy her a white dog in cross-stitch, stamped on a eanvas-splasher, with crewels to finish it, and send by express at once. I'm sure there's nothing about it that isn't

which are now being held every after-noon in the Wool Exchange, Coleman plain enough.' "Thank you, ma'am. I'll never for-get your kindness. Where did you say the cross-stitched dog on canvass could street. Imagine a large and lofty room, be found?"

"At any art-embroidery store," and the lady walked away, remarking sotto voce:

"Of all stupids, men are the stupidest. Not to know what cross-stitch is!

—Detroit Free Press.

THE FISH TRADE.

The Sons of Cape Cod and Their Enter-prise-An Association of Amateur Fish-ermen.

Ever since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Bay those treasures of the deep, cod, haddock, halibut, mackerel and the smaller varieties of the finny tribe, such as perch, flounders, smelts, etc., have been a source not only of wealth, but a precious boon in this section of the country in times of need, when agricultural labor produced barren results. The waters which wash the shores of that crooked and sandy peninsula, Cape Cod, in early days were alive with the above-named specimens of a floating population which sometimes by force of numbers darkened the face of the great deep. The great value of these marine productions was soon appreciated by hardy predecessors, and fishing was for many the most productive branch of industry to which they could resort to sustain life. Cape Cod is supposed to have derived that name from the fish which kept its inhabitants from starving, and which for years was the staple product of the colony. For many years the insignificant port of Hingham, whose barbor is now as dry as its sands at any stage of water, was a scene of busy industry, and it is stated that the manufacture of kits and tubs for salted fish created that great industry which has made Hingham proverbial, viz., the construction of buckets, pails and tubs. It is a very ancient joke that when a native of that town "crossed the river. the villagers remarked, "he has kicked the bucket." All along the shore, way down to the terminus oceanward of Cape Cod, the hardy fishermen trained their boys to be sailors with such perfection that a Cape Cod boy was preferred above all others by the exporting and importing merchants of Boston, New York, Baltimore and other maritime cities. The finest ships that ever sailed from these ports were navigated by Cape Cod seamen, whose early training was in the lishery business. Fishing for fun and lishing for a living are two vastly different things, a fact which will be readily acknowledged by those who have tried both. Excursionists who make a summer trip over the surface of the vasty deep, with the intention of capturing its scaly inhabit-ants, seldom "cast their lines in pleas-ant places." Unless on their return trip they fall in with some professional isherman in nisdingy old inb, of whom they purchase a few cod or perch, they return to the dock empty-handed, yet

they generally have a good time. About the year 1840 a club of amateur fishermen was formed, composed of many lively Boston boys and middleaged merchants, for the purppose exploring Massachusetts Bay and catching the biggest cod to be found floating or swimming in its waters. It was called the Mammoth Cod Association," and every member was expected to do his level best in capturing a leviathan of the deep. Large pools, some-times amounting to three, five. ten, and even twenty-five dollars, were offered for the first scaly culprit hauled on board. Capturing fish was not, however, the primary object of the amateur fishermen, as some of the yet remaining original members can attest. Several of the committee on "bimbo" and and "draw poker" are yet living. Amateur fishing never did amount to much in Boston Harbor or its vicinity; the serious portion of the business was done by those "toilers of the deep" who thereby earned a subsistence.--Boston

STARVATION.

Budget.

The Effect It Has on the Mental Faculties of Human Beings.

The recent case of cannibalism at sea opens up some curious questions as to the effects of fasting on the moral nature of man. To the superficial observer, death by starvation simply means a wasting of the body, a horrible agony, an increasing weakness, a lethargic state of the brain, and a sleep from which there is no awakening; but is this all that it means? While this is going on, let us consider whether or not the intellectual faculty, and with it the power of distinguishing right from wrong, is not also undergoing a process of wasting and death, even be fore that of the material part, for, however dangerous it may be to received opinions to associate the material nature of brain with the moral nature of our being, we are bound to do so to elucidate some of the facts connected with

Reasoning by analogy, we find that, in many cases of bodily disease, the state of the mind is the first indicator of the mischief going on in the system. Take even such a simple thing as indigestion, which, as every one must know, is only a manifestation of a deranged stomach, and what do we find? That the lowness of spirits induced by this affection may vary from slight dejection and ill-humor to the most extreme melancholy, sometimes inducing even a disposition to suicide. sufferer misconceives every act of friendship, and exaggerates slight ailments into heavy grievances. So in starvation, the power of reason seems par-alyzed and the intellectual faculty dazed really before the functions of the body suifer, or even the wasting of its tissue becomes extreme. Such being the case, the unfortunate individual is not accountable for his actions, even if they be criminal in character, long before death puts an end to his sufferings. Davies, in Popular Science

-The new American Episcopal Church in Paris cost \$500,000.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

-A Maine man claims from personal experience that ten good grade merino she p can be kep on the same or less feed than is required to maintain one cow, and yield better.

For sheep it seldom pays to grind grain. For young stock grain may often be probably cooked. Potatoe-may often be cooked and fed to young stock to advantage. - Prairie Farmer

-Lemon Butter: S x femous, twelve eggs, two pounds of sugar, one-quarter pound of butter; grate the rinds, add the juice, beat the eggs; simmer over a slow fire tifteen minutes, stirring all the while. - Exchange.

-Give warm food to fowls in the morning and see that they have plenty of water that is kept from freezing. it into the dish as warm as they can drink it twice a day. Empty the dish at night. If you can not give your hens care sell them. - Chicago Tribune.

 Coffee: One-half egg to one cup ground coffee: stir well in a bowl, so that every ground is covered; place in the coffee-pot and pour on cold water — shaking constantly till the lump of egg and coffee settles to a minp of egg and collect settles to a smooth mass. Add your boiled water.

—The Household.

—A process has repeatly been discovered by which natural flower of all descriptions can be preserved for years, the miles of the process of

and worn and used in an exactly similar manner as artificial flowers now are. The process consists of an invisible varwhich is u e l to coat over the leaves, stems and petals.

-Unthinking farmers will sometimes place a colder young horse by the side of a barse of more mature years and expeet it to do an equal amount of work without bejury. Such a thing is not only crant but anwise. Many promising young horse have been ruined by such treatment. No young horse should be expected to stand the work that which have been need-tomed to hard usage are able to undergo. -N. F.

-Taking the best specimens of steers, it is found that by the best system of feeding in the first year a calf or steer can be made to improve 1,585 pounds. The second year the steer will gain 835 pounds, third year 702 peends and fourth year 571 pounds. Thus it is seen that in the average for the three years after the first the increase is not balt what it was the 4rst year, while the animal partakes of twice as much food and represents twice as purch capital. -New England Farmer.

SEEDS.

How to Save Them Without Destroying Their Vitality.

Mr. Samuel Lawrence call attention to the inconvenience, loss, and vexation caused by a lack of good send. Its careful preservation has been urged for thousands of years and still many persons are both careless and ladifferent about the matter. Most garden prodacts are not perennial, but require annual care, and hence as each Spring returns there gomes with it the usual groundling about worthless seed. This causes many to make good resolves for the future but when harvest time comes the same old neglect is practiced with indifference only to be followed by another lesson of "sad experience." Srowing, gathering and preserving eed lies at the foundation of good garening. A person who can not carry out these operations will never make a successful gardener. He will always be depending on others, and as a natural

consequence will often get fooled. In selecting seeds, Mr. Lawrence his experience has been that the best seed, and the greatest quantity, is obtained from a soil that a naturally good, but not excessively enriched. A very rich soil in most care develops foliage rather than fruit. Seed-plants should have more space than segenerally allowed them by market growers. They need plenty of nourishment, light and nir. If deprived of these essentials the seed will lack fullness, be deficient in weight and a large percentage will prove abortive.

Plants, and seeds as well, are injured by intermixture. In this particular few people grow plants properly or save send indictionally. Different classes will not resultly be affected by collevation in the vicinity of each other but different species of the same class will mix with great fac. ity. With all botanically a lied plants, if to be grown for seed, the best course is to sow the varieties well apart from each other.

There seems to be a strange fascinaon in size, but it must be remembered that excellence is not always known by magnitude. We cultivate the small fruits to their utmost perfection, but many of over-grown vegetables, as potatoes beets, radishes or tur dos, when beyond certain dimensions, are almost worthle s for the table. Let the choice be rather for smoothness and symmetry than for size. Among the umbelliferou-plants, it is the prevailing opinion that the central umbel produces the finest seeds, yet when a sufficient amount of room is given the side shoots are usually well developed, and where they mature in season there can be no serious objection to them. Certain rules con-stantly observed from year to year in the selection of seed will make the plant dwarfish or increase in size. The variety can be made to mature earlier at expense of production, or later with in

Seeds should not be gathered until fully ripe. After gathering they should be thoroughly dried and stored in dry and well ventilated apartments. Large quantities in one place should not be permitted, for however airy and dry the place may be they are extremely liable to generate heat and lose their vitality. Heat or cold which is not ar ficial will not injure seeds, but a slight dampness and a degree of heat which they are often in, will induce the first stag germination or mold, either of was sufficient to destroy the vitality Where the quantities to be too great, a good way is t inclose in a strong be them from the rafters in house, or some similar for in this manner the repaid by lessening making certain the year's vegetables.—W